Rom: Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an olde murderer,
Now I haue ſtainde the childhood of her ioy,
With bloud remou'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? And what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld loue?

Nur: Oh ſhe ſaith nothing, but weepes and pules,
And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,
And *Tybalt* cryes, and then on *Romeo* calles.

Rom: As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuel of a gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Ah tell me holy Fryer
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may ſacke
The hateſull manſion?

He offers to ſtab himſelfe, and Nurſe ſnatches the dagger away.

Nur: Ah?

Fr: Hold, ſtay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote
The vnreſonable furyes of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
Or ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both.
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd,
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?
And ſlay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?
Rouſe vp thy ſpirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,
For whoſe ſweet ſake thou wert but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlueſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.
A packe of bleſſings lights vpon thy backe,
Happines Courts thee in his beſt array:
But like a misbehaude and ſullen wench
Thou frowneſt vpon thy Fate that ſmilles on thee.

Take

Take heede, take heede, for ſuch dye miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:
Aſcend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet:
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*.
Nurſe prouide all things in a readines,
Comfort thy Miſtreſſe, haſte the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.

Nur: Good Lord what a thing learning is,
I could haue ſtayde heere all this night
To heare good counſell. Well Sir,
Ile tell my Lady that you will come,

Rom: Doe ſo and bidde my ſweet prepare to childe,
Farwell good Nurſe.

Nurſe offers to goe in and turnes againe.

Nur: Heere is a Ring Sir, that ſhe bad me giue you,

Rom: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

Exit Nurſe.

Fr: Soiorne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time:
Euery good hap that doth befall thee heere.
Farwell.

Rom: But that a ioy, paſt ioy cryes out on me,
It were a griefe ſo breefe to part with thee.

Enter olde Capolet and his wife, with County Paris.

Cap: Thinges haue fallen out Sir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.

Looke